
Book of Tav Kerr

Greg Norton

2003

Plateaus

1997

To you, as to me,
these things relate somehow,
bearing resemblance one to another...

I know, firmly and completely,
the tones of my own scale...
the rhyme, and the meter,
and so may I say without regret
that *you*, lovely, sing a song of eloquence

that should not fade
with the passage of time.

Finding yourself is a unique endeavor,
yet its ultimate, practical meaning
is at last obscured
by the joy you find there.

...and so in deciding how to live,
each man wonders,
when content, and knowing well
his present realities,

"How can I be of use to someone
besides myself?"

"...and in this world live freely,
functionally,
and with result and impact...

according to my own unique vision?"

Time allows me to share with you
these things,
words forming thought,
from me to you.

I see how you wonder endlessly,
and seek to relieve your quest.

I would help,
by confirming within you
those things which seem
to require telling
to take on a secure place
within your psyche.

...For you I live now,

and all that I know,
I will tell.

Re-inventing the ideas
of my family tree,
I travel forward,
and stopping now,
review myself.

Lost thought stares at me
through a mist of years.

Toward the goal of freedom I march,
this changing persona melding itself
within a real mixture of ideas.

Overall review produces
a regret of time passed

without significant accomplishment.

*What defining relationships
have I established
in my journey from darkness to light?*

Beauty, as perceived thru the senses,
is not only inherent to this life,
but is also an intrinsic part
of my every significant accomplishment.
I tell you this
so that you can see...
how and why,
I believe.

Somewhere, somehow,
I know that you will bring
a confirming reality from within *yourself*,

one which lends support
to your every day,
and becomes an extension, therefore,
of your life.

How crude this portrayal,
and how narrow the pages
upon which these words
are arrayed.
Yet somehow, I have *peace* within,
for I feel that I have provided
encouragement,
simple love.

Can there be any respite from
my responsibilities to
mind, matter,
and the continually needful

expressions of man?

I say, slow down!
For a knowing, thoughtful,
creative gesture,
like flowing into a comfortable chair,
can free the soul,
restoring peace to chaos,
gifting insight to confusion,
bringing wholeness to deformity.

Are you moving too fast?
Then, *slow down*.

Sometimes, you can see *over* life.
You stand joined, then,
to a plateau of thought,
previously unknown.

And, noting the presence
of *all* these worlds,
here among the shadows
or in the finest clarity,
you carry with you the
memory of this thought,
and others will see
that you remain unmoved and placid...
observing, absorbing,
consuming the visions of life
without concern.

How free is your mind!
And how light your vision...
You, who remain placid,
and without concern.
Finding simplicity and beauty within,

you are as complete,
and as whole,
as any thoughtful soul.

However, I feel a sadness,
for I know the weight
I have placed upon you,
and I sense your need for freedom.

But how can we live *together*,
our separate concerns finding harmony,
and fulfillment?

This rolling, changing life!
So often jagged and imperfect,
it seems to be a rough, difficult path...
But re-made inwardly,
and full of vision,
you find your voice, resounding,
truely living,
at the heart of your being.

Never before seen
are the thoughts you bring into the world.
How joyous this process...
this lifting of the darkness
from around you,
mind expanding...
joining with a larger world of ideas.

*This revolving universe
displays itself before you,
and truly when, how, why,
remains a human mystery.*

Dark and forbidden
are the ways of meanness.
Love, on the other hand,
an appreciation of innocence,
of humility,

of the one who *tries*,
is not suppressed,
but is free to take part
in the ways of life,
on any level.

I know how you must feel,
you whose time has been short,
and whose love has not yet
realised itself completely.
This I know, because I, too,
am rife with limitations,
and in life, often reluctant to give, or to try.
For the wants, and the needs, of my spirit
transcend the physical,
and effort produces
only imperfection.

Today, as always,
I remain unmoved, placid,
but with resolve for change.
For life, to me, is like a lake,
divided by a peninsula,
always the water
pressuring the land
into submission.
Is this vision a premonition,
or a phantom?
Flowing from within,
or interposed from without?

This charge I am given,
daily, for you,
is one of learning, not of kindness,
or fullness,
but the imparting of a knowledge,
and freedom.
For my state of mind,
today, always,
is one of multiplicity,

of necessity,
and I am full of knowledge.

You who have so much to give
through me find
righteousness and harmony.
Without love are your ways,
I would change this.
Without peace is your life,
I would change this.
I would filter myself through your eyes...
thoughtful, resourceful, are my ways.
You can see me here,
for I am now
the light of your soul.

Have you been over
and over,

and over
the landscapes of your mind?

Tripping every memory,
and finding a rough idea
of who you might be,
and of how your world,
which you, and yours, know by heart,
may just be larger,
perhaps more real,
perhaps more famous, and far reaching,
than you can see, or possibly know?

Just how many individual lives
do you daily touch?
Can you know?

I say that all these living worlds
really *sing*, and together
display their champion hearts
in holy concert,
a human choir stretching

from east to west.
This I say.

Reflecting upon the past,
I find imperfection
and sorrow in my life.

Now, joy leaps into being
with the comfort of womankind,
and a poetic union.

Half of us look inward,
or seek the eternal.
And as we all move, so do we seek life,
and one special love.

*You may find yourself here, one day,
and live your life*

awakened, rewarded, and fulfilled.

However warm or somber
life may sing it's varied, individual songs,
wholesome and beneficial
or distracted and malformed,
neither world retains
an inescapable aura.

For though the paths we choose
are wholly our own,
known to but a few are our sacred hearts,
our essential selves.

This world, with it's misgivings, fears,
cravings, and transgressions
seems like a battlefield
that stretches out

in all directions,
but just as waves crash relentlessly today,
so tomorrow will they quietly fade
into stillness.

*That which I perceive,
and what I know to be,
are often somehow separate things.*

How, in fact, can I perceive
a true reality
within these flowing, morphing senses?
How can I sift through
the progressive pictures and meanings
of the mind,
and decide for myself
the honorably right choices
in this clearly changing world?

I do firmly state
that there is a solid earth
beneath the feet of man,
and that really the challenge of life
lies in finding this place:

*Here I talk of you and me,
for as brothers and sisters,
we are challenged together
in this world, I think,
to link our souls
in righteous understanding,
every illusion notwithstanding.*

In life, plateaus form now and then,
far reaching patterns
of intricacy and resourcefulness.

Sensing, throughout,
potential forming thought,
thought that in turn
forms potential,
and the exquisite birds
of color, contrast, and beauty
that can be found within,
*I, too, encourage the exploration
of height, depth,
width and bredth.*

Find, now, I say,
the dimensions of your life,
and build therein a tower,
a complement to your vision,
from which to command,
to survey,
to feel,
and within which to love and cherish
the desires of your heart.

How far you have come!
And what worlds you have perceived!
Wrapped in experience,
and rich in thought,
you have feasted on vision and discovery.

Now, as time unfolds,
forthright and generous are your
expressions.

I sense your depth of mind,
and know that you find
order and harmony within.

Supplicating yourself continually,
you knowingly afford to me your very self,
which, born of struggle and perseverance,
is a real allegory
of a completed journey.

Hopefully approaching each new day,
like the sun itself
you bring warmth and renewal.
Together we'll know the music of life
as we stealthily move through time,
our lives a thoughtful enterprise
into the dimly lit future.

Knowing you now as I do,
and having your company
to enliven my being,
I will treasure your life as you do yourself.
Beginning again and again,
we'll live our lives, here in this world,
and, God willing, in the one to come.

Techniques

2002

A New Day

Good morning, world!

Sun climb!

Clouds soar!

Heaven sent,
a new day is a glorious celebration
of new life,
new dreams,
new projects,
promises,
and fulfillments.

Finding days end is, for myself,
like winding down a narrow path,
rays of light darting thru the branches.

Animals, birds and crickets

sing of life's joy.

Freedom is immense,
when you get around to it.

The world turns,
the fishes swim,
the leaves turn,
the children play.

May men rejoice
in the lives they possess,
enjoy sobriety,
and equanimity,
and dwell in peace,
upon Gods green Earth.

Peace.

Beginnings

Love, hope, endeavor, quietude...

Work, play.... solitude...

The gifts we give one another, the crafts of
heart, and hands....

Time tells no secrets. This I say. Yet any
given man or woman may look far into the
distant past, and divine the *future*.

Future, to me, anyway, is a construct of man, based upon the simple, basic forms
outlined amongst the lessons of history. We, collectively, form the whole. The
Mind, itself leads some astray. Yet from within the mind of any accurate artist
may emerge genuine Truths.

Man, woman, mind, child... Earth, sky...
season... evolution... it's no wonder the
elements are in tune. They simply are.

And what of love? Love is this feeling... the
binding of hearts, in mystical oneness.
Surely, such finds its restful place, where

time slows, depth is found, and silence...
space... room to breathe.

Ahh, blessed silence, freedom from
activity, or inequality... just *being*,
peaceful, the immense expanses of ocean
depth. Illuminated, seeing far into all
directions... Enlightened, to mystery, and
bliss, one arise amongst currents, and
return safely to shore above.

Foot stepping upon dock, and shore, one
find path toward comfort of home, unpack,
relax. Kitchen, rest, feed the animals,
coffee, shower, eat, drink... this, that. The
bed.

Dreams always return home, safe and
sound.

Morning, time to meditate, sift thru the
meanings of time passed unawake, coffee,

outing to store... this or that, such life is
rich in midst of the ordinary.

Knowing, being... seeing...the gifts we give
one another, to confirm our own humanity.

From such as these arise youth, age,
wisdom... the given upward flow of the
flower we call life, and new growth.

One see always, one self well. Setting forth
upon a touch, a carress, one know also a
point far distant, and shape, all along, style
which forms substance of man or womans
existence.

Having a craft, a gift, a discipline... such is
sweet reward, indeed, for such live on, far
beyond the turning of the last page.

To shape the future, one *must* be grounded
in the past.

To remember the past, such is the perfect
gift we give ourselves, and those yet to be
born.

Changes of Season

When one sets about to write
from his or her own heart,
many, many paths and or directions
may be taken.

Frequently, one will look back in
amazement
upon the words which have formed
themselves,
seemingly of their own accord.

What does time have to say about the
features of the present?

Can anyone know?
Perhaps we'll all look back, and say, well,
this, or that surely saved the day.

Perhaps not.

But where I always go wrong is in ascribing
portent or portion to any given day, when
things come to Spirit, or chance.

This type, or kind of thing always flow of its
own accord, seeming not to be bound by
the will or ways of men and women.

In fact, such is much like the wind itself,
fluid, flexive, ever changing, never ceasing.

So now you know I as well.

Calendars contains planting and harvesting signs, and phases of the Moon, but
neither of these contain much signs of Spirit, as such. Such is foreign to man's
realm, inherently, so not of or by mans rules, or means.

Seasonal changes hold appeal, for most,
and it seems that they allow themselves to
be set at definite times, such as the longest,
or shortest days of the year.

People sometimes hold meetings on these
dates, wanting to think that the energies
might be better upon such.

But really, as the wind itself has no fixed

points, so I tend to think spiritual areas
really don't either.

So, no great dramatic change-ups upon the
cycle, nor flow, like that.

Not at that level, anyway.

People shouldn't dream too heavily in that
area, either,

for such is generally unproductive for the
whole.

This how I can see I, in time.

Neither here, nor there.

And if this is how I like to be remembered,
then so be it.

That is nice, for I as well.

For it definitely free up my inner space for
more free-form maneuverings, in general.

So now I know Life, Time, and All.

Charge

Time tells no secrets,
yet from within the mind
of any accurate artist
may emerge genuine truths.

Lovers, binding hearts
amongst one another,
free flowing conceptualisation and
imagery,
temporal communion...
is along such paths that truth...
understanding may be commuted.
Here, then, are two questions:
Art, and process...
with their universal inter-relevance,
and Ghost, afore all time, benefit,
direct, mens and womens
along current relevant pathworks.

So there you have, Ghost in man...

with this Spirit Eternal, all knowing...
the ancient, the elemental, the
unknowable...
the *immaculate*.

*One work with, by, along, paths of Spirit,
turning within, amongst, along
righteousness for the Good,
or dive, over time out of life.*

Complex Illusion

Having returned soundly to ones own land, much learning of the present can be gained. For to have an honest experience is to know divinity, but to know illusion, such is God. The world is just as complex as it wants to be. Period.

This which the one holds to be true, the
other knows to be false.

So, to be strictly true, the only binders of mens and womens lives are deep complex synchrony... and the unknown. The ways things turn, like marbles upon a tabletop. Such meanings may be opposite, dissimilar, distant... never that which is thought of.

So everything has a shadow, a time of its own. Meanings are generally particular to individual, not shared across space and time. There is no greater understanding that can be found.

The common feeling that one gets from ones surroundings is generally oneness. But it should never be thought that the one can peer into the others world.

Now some say ghosts are real, as the living are. How could this be? Have we eyes to look into another land, to peer into the afterlife? No. But, 'tis true enough, folklore holds that presences can sometimes be felt, or sensed.

Current fashion finds channelling of spirits to be a pop culture fad, and such may hold meaning for some. But I myself do not find that such fits with established truths. Perhaps, the rules of God are different from the rules of Man. But anyone should maintain interest in the material far above that which cannot be seen. Period.

You cannot neglect the present for the past, or anything like that. Such leads to bad disarray.

Reside with truth, as has been found already. Know time to be meanings, also, resonances, so just be sure of this... the

living are the present... not the 'dead.'

Friends, enemies, lovers, life... such is
freedom, immaculate and immense. Now
know, and go to try another day.

Dancing Meditation

What does it mean, then,
to 'write from the heart?'

Well such a thing might start
with a question much like the previous one.

To draw upon a current understanding,
speaking only from one's own experiences,
and knowledges...
this is truest reward.

Well, so here I sit, fingers meshed
into my keyboard, safe and sound
to the world outside.

This is what it's like, to write.
Such is unity, from within. Dancing
meditation.

Being aware of every minute symbol
placed upon the page, mindfully directing
ones own self from within...
can't get over it, it just feels good.

So, then, where do one go but up?

~

Upon Mars... what is there but fire, and
ice? Surely, it could be thought that such
extremes might once be reconciled
amongst a more temperate feel.

And what would it feel like, when green,
and vibrant, full of life?

Might there someday be a mossy vegetat
crawling from pole to pole? A growth
decay cycle shaped by winds of time, into
blue-print, sparkling streams, and morning
showers?

And what specie would thrive most
fluently? Insects? Rabbits? Cattle? Pigs?
Humans?

Birds? Fish?

Amphibians? Reptiles?

And, as growth go, starting with a clean
slate in general may produce a less viruile
atmosphere.

Just think of the aeons of mutation which

could be simply left behind upon the Earth.

And to begin with, an ark of a sort...
perhaps capable of orbital life sustenance
for years.

Sending crews upon surface, perhaps with soil moving equipment for lake building...discerning best climates within which to exist... constructing stable eco-spheres for large numbers to live within as community... off-planet engineering allowing work only to be done upon surface... ongoing farming practices within enclosures, allowing early on the brilliance of un-refracted sunlight to drive the most efficient processes... surely would be water distilling.

So it could really go, for men and women. With high interest in Mars at present, much concept divining could be gained along the way, finding room for life and growth, vision, and change... out upon a far distant sphere.

With program ordained around Mars much as thrust of 1960s were to Moon, steady progress is made when perhaps aluminum transports, people movers, parts and parts, across the board... capacitors, resistors, chips, bars, poles. Nuts, bolts, switches, displays, keyboards, drills, hammers, saws, presses, manuals. Parts and spare parts, across the board. Very, very large vehicle to fill and send out upon four to ten year mission, smaller transports, perhaps, for getting things and people to surface, laundries, space suits, cleaning gear and extra gear... appears planning center would occupy the whole of Earth's own Moon.

And of multi-national expedition(s)? Such
time would, or will tell.

~

So you see, interest is found all around and
about, do one speak from heart.

You be surprised what insight can come,
along the way.

Never be afraid of collaboration. People have dreamt that the very air space between them is populated by erroneous concepts, but as co-operation is engendered, so is breadth and scale, checks and balances, increased.

Sit and sit, and not much get done.

Try not, and who have you but yourself to
blame.

Fin.

Ethos

Now. To know a mind for telling the truth, this is a much. Surely it could be said that not all of us are artists, writers, musicians. This why, always important to remember to respect the boundaries of populist visions. These inherently flow from the ground up, so to call low high in time is to contain much of life, inherently. We know life to be immense, across the board.

This why the ground is just as important as

the sky. This, too lets things breathe easily.
Tis true, plants absorb carbon dioxide, for
instance, but they give off oxygen. This has
been shown.

To know how to treat artists, this is as much, as well. These grow with years, to
find their words not so much from popular visions of art, but from social
concerns, such as truth, scholarship, ensuring peace is maintained upon streets,
community activism, or any given work fashion which allows diversion from
said mission, or vision.

If you want to be an artist, you should
jump right in. So, like this, you will have
this or that experience or time to reference,
or draw forth from in discerning your own
truths.

Some call art loose, or light. Know, tho,
from myself, that artists lives can be
complex, dynamic.

Now do thee like art from life, Spanish art is thought to contain much of
experience. Keen on illustrating life, in general. Northern European artists were
at times thought Naturalistic. French thought to like manners, Romanticism,
and Italians grew fertile art climate, in general. These are but four examples,
cultural signposts, thought by I to be, in places.

American art has always sparkled with the
newness of morning.

Traditional artistry in places can be immense in style, craft, workmanship, resonance, beauty.

To look at Eskimo art, and find Eskimo whale bone carving to be much is fine. This contain so much magic, meaning, depth, that I find me reluctant to admit here. Such freely dance, interplay amongst myth, morph, change and utility. Such is love for you, time dances, the faces of men, and culture.

Religions of the world early on shape arts of their *own* culture. Here, I'd imagine the East, in particular, beyond, above else. Such are ancient, to be sure, but carefully disciplined aesthetics, finely honed over generations. Such is a Krishna statue to you or I, but to another, an sacred temple divinity. Such is life, in general. Christian iconography is equal in meaning, depth, resonance, richness and grandueur. Such can be a niche in a cathedral.

But a cathedral! Such word bears capitalisation, having seen some of grandest up close. Imagine a silence that stills the mind, the meanings of such.

Arts and crafts, for pupils and students, workers and servants of society are where much reside. Finding allegory within, all thru deep minds, in general, unknown artists dream dreams which too, trickle up and down. Children learn thru older siblings, peers, who often fashion works with them in mind.

Call it incredible, but my own work was throughout done with primary intent of shedding older light on younger people, easing passages across time, swifiting along gracefully.

This good 'mission,' as most say, but find more probable place within order of English teacher, or vocabulary enrichment, in other words, that which can be said, within reason, logic. Key meanings such as life, time, Spirit, the within, suchness... eyes tend to grace them with such, inherently. Pays to weild ones wealth gracefully, truth right straight thru. Process, form and proper. Equity, peace, oneness, and bliss. Such is good ground for writing session.

Mind is real, to be sure, so say what you feel, but never take up space without saying anything. Be it art, life, freedom in general, music, work time, play... have a say, or fall aside, ignored.

What really is mind, if not a testing ground... a grand illusion. Sense of oneness, place, this is a given, but illusion,

never fall astray this way.

Oh, could I ever find telepathy, whispers in
the night. But don't let appearances
deceive, ever. This is rule, for always are
caring hands within reach.

Logic, rules, governances... mind-body relationship, in general... such what the
words are about, herein. Habits, too, are real. Moderation in all good things
really is the key to life. This important to remember.

Liking simple art, such lives within as peace. This good style. Large visions, this
good for peace, for orchestra, or thru great skill, but maybe tends too much for
one, who yet has time with being 'all that.' So mind time, be true, and find all in
simplicity.

Primacy may be found in early crafty endeavors, but later skills lend toward
focus, to homing in on simple truths, conversely breadth, or scope. This is 'full
fledged,' too, so come away from writing gracefully, with tact, and style.

What else will the bright evening reveal?
And from where will I draw sustenance?
Such is time, full fledged, or else, so one
does from the heart. Such life is rich in
midst of the ordinary. Peace.

Friend

Lovers relate immaculate truths
in spheres undefined.

Knowledge is where you find it.

No other truth need be spoke.

Time only is immense.

Universe is sky.

Where, ever do these words flow from?

Perhaps the heavens.

Perhaps below.

I don't really know.

Frankly, such isn't seen herein
just from where.

Firstly, love need be taken
in small portions.

This keeps things straight.

If you know I, then who'm I to complain?

Friend, enemy, love, life...
all the same.

So it goes.

On and on.

Friday, the eagle flies.

Sunday, the church begins.

Freedom is immense.

So is love, for that matter.

So, however far one travel,
he or she will always return home,
safe and sound.

Good Humor

Now, what do I know? From my heart?
Well, we all are one. There is but one Man.

What is a picture? A picture is an image, a
visual representation, intended to convey
an emotion or a meaning. One can capture
the face of another in paint, or upon
photographic film.

An older woman. What does she hold for a young man? Well, much. For there
are years, many, many days spent leaning, changing, growing, across time.

Find free to be correspondence between an older person and a younger, for the older one is likely to be far more mature, and hence sheds his or her light downward upon the youth, and both grow.

When a young mind wants to gravitate back around into the present, he or she can look into the past. For it really helps to know what the past has shown, of one or another, so to know from where to begin.

Now, what, friend, do you say we survive the present, get beyond suffering, and get us back into existence, the lives we share?

Love lives within, without and all thru. Else, we come unglued of sundry things. Now I know all. All is done, by me, for the best, so to try, surely yeild reward, gift. Now time, freedom, immense, gravity, present. Good. Now you know you, too, as well, so this too, is good.

One, two, three, four, such is time. (Note the progression in linear fashion.) Now God, too is real person. God might be you, or I, in time, do we assume such shape. And for you, who too, is man, there may be found reward yet. So, life, yes, life is real as well, across board. And what future hold, for we, well, time will tell.

Knowledge is immense, when you get around to it. For to learn well, such can require rote memorisation, or study.

The way so much of the present is, tho, for readers, is like scanning, searching, or questing for a specific understanding, for to lead oneself unto it. Period.

This way lives are kept straight. What are libraries, if not place for learning. Period.

Now, All, this is right, by me, to call One, in time.

So with hope and trust in the future, I bring this writing to a close.

Growing Pains

And what, then, of 'world ethos?'

World ethos can be found in no certain place, in general. One gets feel for some 'flow,' emergent of sound machinery, in Galactic spheres.

Such is seen to be dream world, illusion.
At best, a temporary aura, which changes
with moment.

You can turn a television off, away from
war, and death. Turning your inner self off
can be trickier.

Hard times leave bruises, memories.

These linger a while, and fade. Some scars
can last a lifetime, and need
understanding, and compassion.

Knock upon the door of a house in
anytown, Earth, and enter.

One finds all the things, period. Any and
all.

Romance, argument, study, dinner, breakfast, sweep, clean... watch, listen...
dream... these, each and every minute coloration of wardrobe selection, forays
to market for this treat or energy boost, or ingredient... these, one and all, are

lives, on and on, day to day vital existence.

Life force, in general, is only diminished by physical suffering. People everywhere are faced with complex struggles and cruxes inherently, and seem, in time, gifted of both work, and play, relaxation and sleep. Most of us give these things unto ourselves, blessed as we are with life.

Unemployment, for those accustomed to work, can be seen as 'system shock,' or major setback, crisis.

A single parent, living out of her car with two kids in tow, finds little time for 'personal enrichment.'

A Dad, with no job, home with his thoughts alone, sees alcohol as escape, or change. So meager accounts are diminished, college funds tapped into.

Very young minds see ailments everywhere, casting down others for their hard earned possessions.

Materialistic society, to him or her, is 'capitalist disorder, excess.'

But these are the fibers from which genuine wisdom may take shape, in time.

Life is hard. Gain is accomplished by positive endeavor, and not by complaining.

Showing forth your own self, as strong self-actualised individual with good things to say, a direction... *forwards*, for such own self pursuit, and benefit. Aims and goals, beliefs, principles. An honest grounding within 'greater whole,' as acceptable, or integral component of ones own group, a local, regional, a national system... *here* is a good place to begin, to grow, and to achieve.

Is it true, what is said, 'without going out of your doorway, much can be found?'

Your culture is your home. Find yourself,

in time, both shaper, and shaped of those
around and about.

Simplicity and economy are formed of
every little thing, *they are all for and by
yourself*. You can't impose your beliefs
upon others. Period. You learn this as you
get older, and settle into your your own
'comfort zone,' say, your favorite reading
chair, for instance, or your desk, or art
bench. Such is life.

When I myself started really seeing depth
in things, in general, I went towards folk
music, and artistic visionary reading
materials.

Such as this eventually led me around to
seeing Mother Earth as wanting or needing
'taken care of,' by myself.

I was riding upon the crest of my vanishing

childhood, and coming to crash lazily upon
the shore.

The 'shore,' in my case, was, just that.
Myself.

Facing myself, and the questions of my
existence, in time, I came to just want to
have a say, to contribute, to play a part,
however small.

With just a little self confidence, in a while,
I found that I, too, could give service, could
'lend a hand,' for what good might
eventually come to be. This was, and still
is, my vision.

So here. What you can find, you can keep for your use. I've got more than
enough, for just myself. See, how I end up helping myself, by this way? You can
get a sense of how a more mature person thinks, like this. He or she only want
to help you, do you want to help yourself?

Heart

Gifted of the Good,
many things are possible.

Love all, thirst not for firm guides,
but lean instead to the arms
of your one true love,
herself like the Cosmos,
whose heart you find in peace.

Fine peace flows from her eyes,
as her peace is immaculate.

Find yourself to be
both giver and taker,
receiver and gift of those about.

Fashioning yourself along true forms,
over time find the image of God.

This how I know art.
Art is true,

lest one be led astray.

Time itself tells no secrets.
This I know.

Text, the written word,
shelters some from disgrace,
others from dislike.

So, next time you fall,
blame not upon the cosmos,
but only yourself,
gifted as you are of the New.

Heroes

Would one raise a healthy, well adjusted
child, best not to shelter him or her from

the world *too* much.

Because young, do, in time enter such as
life, and find what it has to show,
throughout.

First rule of life, upon opening the door, in
my opinion: 'Know thyself.'

Then one may know another, in time to
give ones gifts gracefully.

And what of heroes?

Well, this what young minds look up to,
older, too, in time, and thru such find
ourselves led along paths we choose.

Heroes, too, found themselves firstly, I
know, for to in time have a say, and the
greatest gift, to give unto another.

This so important to remember.

But do another prove, in a sense, their mettle, or worth unto such as I, as young man, look upon such as guide, or gift, for I, myself.

This can be how such as even adult as I, tho young, give myself a life, a boost in general.

For to know another with a heart for honesty, individuality, or speaking the truth, such do, indeed, give good feelings all around.

This how life is sound, throughout.

At best, kids know right and wrong of parents disciplinary treatments, the eyes parents generally have in back of their heads... all thought well, in general.

Bible lessons, right and wrong, (such as always tell the truth, having a conscience,) early grade teachers, principles, peers.

Coaches, leaders, all find worth and value not only within honesty, truthfulness, fitting in, but also, spirit of individuality, and leadership, being willing to take a stand, when thought needed, or wanted.

For these are also a notable aspect of youth, when seen through older eyes.

'Tis true, the ability to take orders, work well with others, and get along, this probably thought easiest to work with, or lead, for instance.

But, do thee see sparkle in eyes, eagerness, or hunger for knowledge in mind of younger?

Well, then also you know thee have much, to see of future, within such.

(Such is regarded differently, somehow.)

For, it is known how some tend to be
leaders of others, come to places of
responsibility.

Student council, Honor Role, Scouts,
sports, all have different roles all within.

Especially this sense come in workplace,
jobs, working with and under authority,
and with others.

(For here, even lunch-break hold meaning.
For, to share meanings of morning
gracefully, and not to shy away, this is
thought well, or healthy.)

In life, you have quarterback, half-back,
center, or say, willingness to participate,
show ones skills, or simply have a good
time.

Church, or class, grade, or interest sphere,
even folk rock band... have leadership roles
all within.

Point being, distances to be crossed are
much.

Remember, older meanings for word God
are often particular to adult world, the big
boys realm, say the ways we work, or fit in
within Mans big world.

(Here, too, of God: The All... Nature's
Universe, be it lightening storm, April
shower, the Cosmos, in their material
graces, such simply are, as well.)

Different meanings for God, all.

But the way men find such, actually, to lay
most practically, ordinarily, within
standards of honesty, forbearance, ability

even to give of ourselves, the way we treat
others, in general.

Peers, the hard meanings of society, say,
work ethics.

In fact, 'how do we find the littlest among
us?' Well, this how we find ourselves, in
time.

This is, by way, Gods land, so youth be
mindful, we need respect and honour those
above, in general.

(For tis true, such as ye, or I, may have to cross back this way, or that, in time, so
behooves one such as I, or ye, to leave nought but footprints of our passages. No
ill will. This is thought best.)

So now I see, perhaps, three or four
understandings of God.

Firstly, perhaps, standards of right and
wrong, morals, or ethics, or say having a
conscience... parental involvement.

Secondly, perhaps, knowing ones self,
containing, perhaps, heroes, too to show
our paths.

Man, in his kingdoms.

Peers, and social understandings... complex life, in general... tests and
challenges, and perhaps, lastly, divine, be Christ, or Saint, Muhummed, or
Buddha, and within these lands, in general, the Almighty, which some men hold
much, and say so, do them have a mind or will to.

So this the best I have to give, this good
day.

So I am well, now, and may rest, a while, to
try again.

Love

The things and truths which so much

make us like one another are this:
Eyes, hair color, skin, facial features,
such as this.

To take one truth,
and make it or her ones own,
calls forth greatness from such a one.

So, then, love is what you make of it.

Having heart, have hands,
craft, thee find door to success
round about.

Know, then that truth lives without,
within, and all thru.

Here, there, everywhere,
all know God to be One.

One is love, life,
truth, forgiveness, peace.

Time, being out there,
as one would find, liveth in dreams only.
Tis here and now, none other are found of
it.

Future, plans and woven documents,
fortell dreams of Future,
Galactic lore and peace.

On Carbon, Water, Warmth and Simplicity

This called life is like a journey. Start to
fin. There and back again.

To get from here to there, well this is your
style, basically.

How, then does one take a little, give back,

too, get over obstacles to understanding,
and in time arrive at goal?

Fluidity, and grace are *this* writers answer.

And then, when, wanting to swift oneself along paths of understanding, one come around to such 'greater whole,' and sense place within and amongst, freely entertaining ones own vital engines and drives, in general, one alight, as it were, the updrafts and find higher yet, or still climatic, and shape forms, clouds and columns, which too bring rain, sun, snow, heat or cold. So then, one find strata of atmosphere, and beyond, inner space, outer, planets, solar spheres in general, and deep space.

And this deep, where emptiness... vast
stillness... expansive unknown as yet
stretches, this where probe and voyage
begin.

So there you have space exploration, forays
and enquires to bits beyond.

And what is bits? 1, 0, On, off, these how I
describe bit, byte, log on, and memory.

See, thee then this: ones memory is relevant to System fluidity, or boundary, and such as Hard Disc veracity... knowing Mega-byte and Solar Spheres, one find, in time, balance between and amongst the greater themes... myth, religion,

Earth, love, peace, freedom, all. And this is how we *do* then, to

grow... up... up... beyond the known.

And as for what's come afore, hereabouts, well, this is mete and mettle of all, as were. For the deep sense of things, inherent, come of experience, hardness, brought forth in climatics of dynamism... war, ritual, movement, and morph.
Dream to dream... sphere to sphere.

And of the outermost planets... well, for you, or I, such life as *we* just not find support. But in amongst the rocks and boulders, crevases, the underflows... there, maybe, once or twice, we find hope for carbon based biological waveform... such as this lichen, or moss, or deep buried microbial holdover, of the now, then, later, linger on.

So time goes... Boring, in general, but, still, in here, amongst vital spheres of activity, livliness and free-dance, one do one self well, and *then*, oh, to look upon, such is good solid life skill in general.

So then, one may not find simple climbing vines and promises alone, but the clear

direct route afore face of God, unto arms of
ones own true love, herself like the
Cosmos.

Parallels and Juxtapositions

Father Time. Mother Love. Planet Earth.
This great Galaxy.

These are the recurring themes of the
Future.

Knowing Time, one knows Love. Knowing
Love, one may find the Earth. Feet planted
firmly upon the ground, one may look...
onto the sun, moon, and stars... and even

peer ahead in time.

For the mechanics of the Solar System are generally unchanging... with the precision of a timepiece do the spheres revolve.

~

Where is this place? To speak rather abstractly, isn't this Solar System here something akin to a complex logarithm deep-construed of its orientation within the great whirlpool, the Galaxy?

And more abstractly still, aren't the many languages of Earth, the races, anamalia, and plantlife all in a sense organic derivations of that 'deep pull,' the inter-relationships of space and time, sprung of, or spun from our individual relationships amongst the massive, deep center of all weightiness around which all revolve?

*Loom: Fibers into yarn or thread... yarn
or thread into a fabric... fabric into...
Tapestry.*

What does it mean to perceive a thing? Perhaps this itself is an exhibition of duality. In other words, question implies answer. Dark implies light. Up necessitates down. So to ask, then, is to receive. And, when, seen from afar as a

balance, such dual factid is exhibition of what?

As lands evolve, thru mythic subscapes,
twins and partners are observed, which
describe *what?*

Parallels... what is seen inherently describes that which is unseen... down,
down, down, or one should say, 'up from the skies' arises semblances, and
messages... of what? Reflections and permutations in Time... of *what?*

The Galaxies twin?

For by inherently looking inward, in depth,
pushing, as it were, *out upon* the future...
the pull... resisting the pull...as it were,
sailing 'into the wind,' so does one firstly
and finally... in minute fashion see naught
but a mirror... ones own reflection... in
eternally evolving permutation.

The Future come to splash upon one's
immaculate expressive palate... what is *the*
human consciousness.

Resistance is futile... but necessary, and

mandatory.

*Responses are usually instinctive...
driven... fashioned... of parallels and
juxtapositions rendered in immaculacy...
throughout lucid mindfulness.*

So then, to go forward, as fully honest and
lucid mirror to the hidden sub-reality, the
unseen, one might be found to have moved
ones self into closer harmony with ones
twin... with ones perfect partner, in life, or
death. Thee, and that, are mirror images of
one another... period.

*Zen: Keep always one's mirror clean and
clear.*

Knowing, too, then, that thee aren't alone,
in journey of life, one feel comforted in
togetherness... at best, unity.

So, then in the world of the arts, both, in a sense, are observers. Sifting thru
illusions of mind, arising, arriving, in time, at state of active dance forms...

synchrony... you discover your Oneness.

Then, to reflect one artist, the world chooses the mirror, to reflect accurately, mirror reflects, accurately, mirror. And so on.

Chains of command.

So, then, success in world of arts show forth *artist community* as an accurate dynamic reflection of society as whole, even *while* such greater world grow, thru mindful permutation, up as representation of it's best... its brightest.

A house of mirrors.

And yes, such bright physical existances do, too, have dark sides. Habits, hang-ups, histories... None are without blemish, distortion, or uncertainty.

So, then, you have similitudes, and
parallels... as well as opposites,
diminishments, or physical distractions.

In a sense, would one be good, he himself
will have evoked also his or her 'loyal
ministers.'

A thought: Does ones life, perhaps
describe the image of God, the human
form?

Nicotine... Alcohol... Promiscuity...
Uncleanliness... Disorder... these are the
angularities of a life.

Schools, churches, organisations... friends
and lovers... these are one's parallell spirit
in the world... *one's co-relative support
system.*

To take your best, your brightest, and

challenge them to achieve oneness,
greatness, is to ask hard questions of world
inherently.

What I do know, and may show, of artists...
such as galleries... museums... showcases...
these are houses of light, and
enlightenment, thru which others might
know what has been seen, and is shown.

And what is a church steeple, if not the
severest angularity of western architecture,
for to uplift the holy cross?

And, after all, aren't the temple of the human spirit simply the human body?
(And, too, what is Soul, if not Twin relater? And what are gene sequence, double
helix, atom, then, but programs... evoking in time reunions. **Plans and
Layouts of a life.)**

*Density of material form is a constant.
Space is an infinite, ever-expanding
outward showing forth.*

And finally, then, to live a life of wisdom, and tempering of the Spirit, is to know,
without question, that actions have consequences, and that balanced existence

takes much discipline, patience and practice to find... In short, '*Interior clarity...*' in other words, '...mindful of both inner, and outer landscapes, such is beautiful,' ...*period*.

And when, 'enlightened and seeing far in all directions,' one find one's self astray, in any way, seeming to describe unfamiliar, and irrelevancies... or dwelling and working amongst conflicted themes, then couldn't it be said, too, that such as imbalance were imminent, or being shown forth, or revealed as 'somewhere out upon one's horizon?'

*For All are responsible for their actions...
accurate accounting yeilds sound return.*

So, would one return, over time, to accurate divination, soothsaying, and prediction, best be sure present flexive realities are situated firmly, as it were, within supportive landscapes and layerings in general...

relationships are always important.

For to go forth, drawing water from a wicked pit, or poisoned well is to admit disaster, and heartache of the world.

(That is, indeed, if one draw also from one's own deep well, that of inherent self-critique and analysis.)

Know Thyself, lest thee forget thine Own,

and the known, and find one's self led into
yet deeper night, and inky blackness.

This is the truest advice of the immortals,
those who have departed, yet live on.

**Peace,
Patience,
& Practice**

To be grounded in blessed silence... such
yeilds bliss, peace, patience, practice...
discipline.

Understanding how God shows forth Himself or Herself thru occurences and
happennings, as they come or are willed into being, one own sense of divine
broadens, or expands... and these or those 'automatic responses' find descent
below and beneath level of immediate appearances... below... below... the
surface of the Ocean, to move gracefully along and amongst deep bottom
currents. Such is life, tending toward peace, and stillness.

Activity and energy but await those

moments 'in between,' times when contemplation and evaluation of one's self and evolving life situations are more readily found, or ascertained.

To locate ones standing in the world of the arts... the arts of the mind... such starts small. Discernment of bliss... such as this, 'follow your bliss...' (the late Joseph Campbell), such leads to finding the keys and paths you yourself might alight the currents with.

Myself, knowing below, or deep to be material accomplishment which I am really proud of, tending toward, later height of gain, one finds, in time, high output from a deep source, or grasp of things.

So, just always wanting to slow down, to stop dancing wildly, madly, and begin slow, even rythms and flows, which express in general a more timeless feel.

Today, such as this is a good door way into folk music scene, in general, or for the younger, perhaps ambient, or acoustic improvisation.

Keyboards, synthesizers, computers, home studios, such as these definitely lead creative minds along current paths.

For myself, anyway, early schooling in piano music notation and hand coordination, sight-reading, growing, in time towards committing pieces to memory, and later, jazzy improvisation... in time, I was able to start recording and critiquing my own playing. This was really key, for it let me bring my own distanced perceptions to bear upon myself, as it were, 'how would this really sound, if I heard it on the radio, or from an outsiders perspective.'

And then, for current upwaft, finding slow, abstract or 'space' music good entrance point for learning improv. licks and stylings, which I knew I could develop, in time to a real direction out of my youthful dreams, into fashionings which might serve as a gift, say for a birthday present, or Christmas.

So you see, such as discipline and patience, practice, finally doing that which you love most of all to do anyway, these are gifts you give, firstly unto yourself, and hopefully to others.

**Romance,
Freedom,
and the Arts**

So, what of the spirit of eros?

Would a life be real, he or she will contain diversity, on some level.

Would one be an artist, a philosopher, or poet, well, then, he or she likely find themselves thought 'romantic,' or 'pseudo-romantic,' in general tone or spirit.

Now, living a romantic, or 'individualistic' lifestyle comes with many practical perks and gains. Surely the least benefit of the romance spirit in a world of sharp definitions would have to be the feelings, the feeling of being somehow 'different' from the rest, 'alternative' in lifestyle, or more free in terms of expressions and interactions.

Well, then, I guess, what does it mean to be 'free?'

Surely, this begins with being gifted a life in America, or other democratic land.

Being gifted of heredity, mind you, is an altogether different prospect.

Well, the meanings contained within the

'gifted' child, or young adult, or even life in the world of adult interactions are immense.

To be gifted... this is a divine gift of the utmost value.

And what, then, does this mean, or imply?

One is gifted with a mind for facts.

One is gifted with a penchant for reading.
(Reading has been shown, too, to raise I.Q.)

One is most certainly gifted when born into a strong, well defined family with a good history.

One is always gifted manifestly by having loving caring family and friends throughout life. Formative years are

critical.

One might be 'gifted' of an early release from debtors prison, and the sense of new beginning this would bring.

One might be gifted of being an cancer survivor, and greater enthuse in general.

But of freedom... all is gift, here. Having the status quo, in todays world, surely indicates freedom of speech, and worship, and hopefully, a representative government.

The romantic life... gifted, as it is to free and bound alike, is held up as being general terrain of youthful spirit, of change, upheaval, at times, new beginnings always.

Were it not for a lands artist-dreamers, at the very least there would be none of the precious lubricating flow which unbinds our collective psyches with generally motile rivulets of motion and activity.

Crucial, always, are these walls which separate people. It therefore follows that diversion, entertainment, and enrichment, these 'leisure entertainers,' are, in a sense, social 'activators,' our battery re-chargers.

Take a static situation, a driven landscape of any portion of laze, haze, or uncertainty, and throw the youth and vitality the sheer energy of a modern artist, or writer in amongst, and what do you have? You have, basically, new life. The given system, as it were before, begins to glow, to dance, to oscillate with vitality. These, one and all, are 'artists' in the world, the spirit about them.

So what, then, of eros?

Well, eros is thus: The length of a womans body, her shape and physical form. Her face. Her soul, and spirit, her vitality and livliness.

Her hands, her armpits, her chin, her feet... all may at times be eros to a man.

Legs are shaped along divine forms, the upward flow, annunciated and articulated then into fingertips, and the greater flower... the human face.

Knowing a woman with both heart and mind... what depth one sees.

Being both a giver, and taker, receiver and gift, hers is pleasure inherent. Hers is what one may refer to as 'sexy-in-ecstasy...' the life force, the hidden vitality.

And what of hidden treasure? Men call such god, at times, hope at others, release in general... and within definite terms, procreation.

Knowing, too, how romance and liveliness in world is component from afore all time, women, too, become always caretakers, and caregivers of males with whom they entertain. Period.

Living here, or there, where women and men dwell amongst, is vitality in action. Knowing how life is redeemed from emotionalism by a womans hands, and physical affection, men alway see such as lucid mind-shapers, capable of devolving the most fierce passion, into sleep, or new growth, or change.

Renewal, too is her gift.

For by touching base with her most

sobriety of complaints, and forays into the unknown, men always are given many, and many insights into their own 'hidden natures.'

A woman's perspective:

'Upon watching your own child, freely and accurately entertaining his or her own self, even amidst activity all about, one feels, often joy, often sadness. For even children get older, and wiser, and always are parents there to lend a hand up from a bind.

'Knowing the vast distances to be crossed, the struggles and tribulations of life, as may be, parents find often satisfaction in ensuring the 'early years' are the best.

'For by nurturing and cherishing the youth, the old, too are benefitted. This is the gift of art, literature, poem, music, song... all beauty. Seeming to be peace, from afar, distant, *young and old alike* recollect times of present thru their youthful spirits, who seem, too, to live, forever unchanged, across all time.'

And it, too, is upon such broad sweeping
pallate that the youthful artist paints...
seeking for 'timelessness,' for equal benefit,
whatever the day or the hour of night.

Simple Things

Now, the Earth, the cool Earth.

Sitting upon the ground, studying the
heavens.

Watching the stars wheel... the moon arc.

Trees and grasses cover the Earth,
green vegetation sprung of seed, water, and
soil.

A wolf speaks in the distance, and maybe,
an owl will hoot.

Arising, in time, and returning to house,
with clear mind, and body,
free from ongoing, and worry.

What makes the natural world so
beautiful?

Perhaps it is the open space,
the empty air, the vast sky.

The mind seems always to expand,
somehow,
upon stepping out of doors.

Think I'll put on a pot of coffee later,
and get some writing, or reading done.

Surely, to bring a larger perspective
to the keyboard

yeilds rewards.

Looking upon the past
is like studying a book.

Events and happenings
spool afore the eyes,
like paragraphs, words upon the page.

Know, now that time is immense.

To know how to treat one another,
this is sweet reward,
for such yeilds companionship,
togetherness,
and peace.

Oneness, and unity is sprung
not so much from singularity,
as it is knowing how to treat ones brother,
or sister,
inherently.

This helps keep families strong.

Good upbringing
surely tells me much that I need to know,
but often, I find myself watching others,
learning from their actions and
interactions.

Let one hope, that the actions of others
do not set poor examples,
for a youth, or child,
and that such adhere to the right,
and the true.

Morning, this is always much.

To find all that one needs
in the simple gifts
one gives oneself,
to start the day,
this is a good thing,

inherently.

Peace is where you find it.

Freedom is the greatest gift
any man or woman
could ever hope to enjoy.

So mind time,
be true,
enjoy life, and freedom,
and never forget
ones own, and the known.

Take the time to enjoy
the great outdoors,
see what it can show you.

Go to a mountain top,
survey the land below.

And when you have had your fill,

take leave, and return home.

You'll be better off for it.

Sky

Well, Sky.
What meanings
word contains!

To you, or I, perhaps,
that which filters thru branches,
or comes from above.

Earth... is Real, as well.
Perhaps, more so.

For to know God,

thereby is to know Christ.

Buddha, on the other hand,
him is God as well.

Now, Love, Oh, all is rich,
pleasure,
earthly delight.

Heaven scent,
love crosses all borders,
without regard
for hatred or suspicion.

Oh, me, oh my,
when I consider
the Sky, with its wonders.

Now lovers,
we all know One.

One in Every one of Us.

Not any are neglected.

Simple as pie, really.

No need to fret, nor ponder
over vague, abstract constructs
of older people.

One, finally, firstly,
too, is Sky.

And what Sky hold,
such is peace.

Now, to know God,
this is good, may be small,
or little.

Nowhere is it ever seen
the meanings
for the word Maker.

Such is Creator, yes,
but do we know our fashioner?

Our stylist?

Our Source pool?

Impossible.

Indeed.

So, Men, hold true first to your Heart.

Such Is, will always be.

May my words be found acceptable
to the eyes of the Lord.

Spirit, & Soul

Know, now,
what is meant by time.

Moments... years.

Flow, not of an etherial intangible,
as men could really perceive, no,
but the hands upon a clock,
and putting one's head, in time,
upon a pillow.

This is Time.

Empty space is quite positively hollow.

No other understanding need be found.

Mind, Spirit, these come with the turf,
here.

Now, what of Mind?

Is an intangible?

An unknowable?

What is?

When you're in it, you know.

(In here)

Below?

Above?

Where?

Lets see...

How about,
address the Spirit,

and see.

Feel, ye, in time, the soul...
the Great Soul,
immaculate, expansive, *deep*.

Trancy. In other words,
to be in, is to be *out*.

*So, perhaps, beyond, or outside,
somehow above the Earth,
Another Realm,
A Kingdom for you,
A Mystery.*

Peace, Love, Joy, such is Real.

Real is Mind, as well.

Perhaps.... quantum consciousness?
Maybe?

Don't know really.

Oh, to partake, and know.

(In Time)

The Land of Immortals

Time itself tells no secrets,
yet from within the mind
of any accurate artist
may emerge genuine truths.

Where do all of these visions flow from?

Perhaps God.

Perhaps Man.

Now where, then,
do dreams flow from,
in general?

Perhaps a land far away,
the future
or the past.

And of love?

Well, love is what
you make of it.
Period.

And, then, when wanting
to swift oneself along paths
of understanding,
surely, it could be said
that any one of us
should just look within.

Period.

There is no greater truth
that can be found.

Look to the deepest physical
part of your being,
and address the void.

'How do I feel,
right now?'

'Is that right?'

And where, then,
do I derive
my understanding?

From within,
the immaculate
land of immortals.

Inner Truth

1997

May you be
where towering energies soar,
weaving strands of thought
through the lively,
singing,
ringing spaces.

RENEWAL

My thoughts, though born within shadows,
possess an inner light
that reaches beyond the world I know.

Joy will spring
from newly fashioned love, new *life*,
and then I'll notice little distress, or
longing,
inherent of my present reality.

An infinite variety of worlds
I find, now, within the clarity
of thought, true and simple.

Volumes of *suchness* enliven
all beautiful expressions of love,
accompanying me through my world,
and on into the future unknown.

~

When understanding,
which is, to me, the direct result
of struggle and perseverance,
lives within it's own deepest obscurity,
then a real, lasting devotion,
and peace of mind...
will flow from that present sense of
certainty and completion,
now and for all time, a new beginning,
for all to see.

LIFE

Noting anything separate
in the field of life,
subtleties of recognition form...
antiquated pastimes, games.

*Intransive expanses of unified
expression...
Thoughtless voids...
Connectedness with others...
Life exposed for all to see.*

Certain to lose are the forces within,
without,
noticably different,
maintaining irregularity.

~

In noting these things, and others,
(how we, too, live amidst the whirlwinds,)

we also perceive that,

*"...seeping beneath
the doors of the mind
come the whispered phantom thoughts,
generational exceptions
to any rule...
the form,
the flow,
of life within, without exception."*

IRONY

Time and again
I feel,
I know,
I too, see.

You can be anywhere between
here and there,
only to find yourself forgotten
amid the whirlwinds of life.

COLORS

Through life we find:

a rich bounty of diversity...
enduring relevance...
such a wide variety of love expressions.

Every one of us,
rewarding the other, in time,
are from east to west
sent spiraling everywhere.

More than this,
we all live, in love,
it's own reward,
and finding harmony, perseverance,
and triumph,
openly participate in free expression-
liberty within, and throughout.

EFFORT

How truly righteous you are.

For, simply to *try*
is to move within a world
that demands perfection.

*I think that there can be
only action, or inaction.*

Any action has meaning,
and must be seen
as an expression of it's source.
And in life,
all that one really *has*
is one's self, so then
how, at any time, could there be
justification for
'half-hearted' expressions?
Can one even *do* but his or her best?

SECURITY

I tell you,
there is no longer
any reason to fear,
for you are securely placed, now,

in the flow of time.
Your actions must be regarded
as your own creations,
for you know well
those powers that would seek
to distract you.
Your mind is free, to be, to live,
forever.

~

But I live for you, now, my friend.
you are like me in every way,
your dreams compatible with mine.
We flow continually;
apart, together,
this time we share
will never disappear.
All love to you,
as friends we are.

ON LIFE

These ideas are how
we navigate life.
In knowing that *actions*
have certain consequences,
and that there are
an *infinite array of paths* to take
from any given point,
so we learn to think properly.
For, one day, these thoughts
will be all we'll have,
and may actually form
the literal reality
in which we live.

LOST

Canyons of the mind,
dust of the spirit,
forgotten, somehow,
amid the whirlwinds of life.

Now, a resourcefulness
tempered by life itself,
yet without the persistence,
perhaps, to finally make
some useful connection.

RIGHT CAUSE

Lovers unite!

For *they* see, now,
what *we* have already seen.

It would seem, my friends, that
any word of comfort
comes with it's own
resplendent energies.

And consoling you now,
I suggest that this fight is nothing,
if not seen as a real evolution
of our own directed, unified ideas,
the progression of which
confirms within us all
a love of liberty,
of friendly competition,
and of the knowing justice
we have found
here in the Motherland.

PATIENCE

Supreme dichotomy,
self-directing effacements,
revolving, spiraling overtures,
separate only by a little distance...
how much does one need?

Only pre-supposed in times of need,
helping others, coming clean...
these things take time.

Help-mates are not in the world
so much to direct, or control,
but to facilitate the actions
of a fortunate few.

Troublesome resourcefulness of a kind,
of a sort,

not without it's own reward.

REPORTER

Like a problem
is this way we live.
Over and over again
we repeat ourselves.
I, like you,
know little of this,
only what I myself can see,
with the practiced,
alert eye of a reporter, it seems,
leaving nothing to chance.

THE WELL

I.

I, too, held dearly
the progressions,
the changes of mode...
and the discoveries.

A streamlining of self,
a flow,
forming,
changing,
morphing into... who knows?

A man,
transforming at will the relationships
inherent of the moment.

Living, loving,
all over and over,
with much to lose,
much to *gain*,

and so slowly.

II.

So with time our partner we went,
our garments stretched over lithe bodies,
our hearts joined in awareness.

"This is slow," I thought to myself,
as I must do occasionally.

"Where will I go when this is over?"

"Where will I be for life?"

Lore dictated I remain at all costs,
loving only divine,
but plunging into a *well* of interpolations,
and without guidance, guidance.

III.

Nowhere is it said of me
that I tried less or more.

I but respond,
as a moth to a warm, sullen light.

Some day, without perfection,
anybody can guess the direction we'll flow,
without limits.

This life, this endeavor, lends itself
to a real discussion of *multiplicity*.

I shall pray for you now,
in all strength and earnestness,
that much knowledge of life be formed
within,

and that your chapters of expression
be as thought... pure as light.

REALITY

What is control?
Not what one may think, I think.
Assuming nothing,
forgiving all,
these are the means
to a relative meaningfulness...
not control.

Don't hypothosise about
the days you've spent wondering,
for time takes no prisoners...
itself it gives.

It is something other
than anything else I might think.
Worlds colliding,
reinventing themselves
in eternity.

*The power to feel,
to be,
to see,
to love.*

SONGS

Sometimes, the hours of the day
stretch out forever.
Yet, as parted lovers
touch one anothers hearts from afar,
so only a small distance separates me now
from my own loves innermost desire.

~

With all of the complexities,
and the shared hopes, of a lifetime,
yours is a kind of light
within it's own sacred meanings.

~

Forgetting each others bodies,
and all time, we drift,
as one soul.

*May our togetherness tonight
be as a deep solitude.*

PERCEPTIONS

You can't see me yet,
but tomorrow, I'll arise, *like a dove*,

to form a lighter, lovelier expression
that you *will* see.
You still know me not;
your eyes can't perceive how near, or far...
I may be.

Now I see you,
glowing deeply,
and finding, somehow,
a rough understanding of my persona,
in spite of my reluctancies,
and my limitations, presented here, within,
for you to plainly see.

True perceptions
I lay before you, now,
perceptions that you must try to
hold on to, somehow,
and then, as they form gradually in your
hand,
that must be eaten, slowly and completely,
to fully release their separate meanings

and lovely hearts of color.

Everyone hears this from me, now;
all may recite this incantation from the
heart
to proffer up their affections for the one
within.

*How many days, or hours, or minutes,
go by each year?
For me, only one, you yourself being that.*
